

ANAKREON

1 May 1990

SOMEWHERE THERE IS A DISCWORLD

(Tune: "Somewhere Over the Rainbow")

Somewhere there is a Discworld
Off in space,
Held by four pachyderms who
Stand on a carapace.

Somewhere, out on the Discworld,
Magic reigns,
Done by eighth sons of eighth sons,
Most of them awful pains.

If you're a tourist, rich and slow
Upon the uptake, you can go
And find it.
And if your luggage likes to feast
Upon an evil man or beast,
Then you won't mind it.

Don't try going to Discworld
Just for fun.
If the wizards don't get you,
You'll choke upon a pun.

More dangerous than any guns
Upon the Discworld, are the author's puns!

This Mailing of APA-Filk comes to you wrapped in promotional posters by Kirby, given away at the 1990 Lunacon by Signet to promote their edition of the fifth book in this comic fantasy series by the British author Terry Pratchett, and collected for APA-Filk by Mark Blackman. So far Pratchett has written eight books in this series, of which five have been published here for an enthusiastic American readership which eagerly awaits the other three. The titles are:

The Light Fantastic
The Colour of Magic
Equal Rites
Mort

Sourcery
The Wyrd Sisters
Pyramids
Guards! Guards!

DREXEL'S PROFITEERS

by Avram Grumer and Ian Harac

(Tune: "Barrett's Privateers")

It happened second week in March;
 (How I wish I was in Harvard now!)
 When the junk bond market bottomed out,
 All down The Street there came a shout:
 The executives were well prepared.
 (How I wish I was in Harvard now!)
 They packed their golden parachutes,
 And gave the rest of us the boot.

CHORUS: God damn them all! The bonds
 were sold.

We worked The Street for some-
 Swedish gold.

We made our deals, shed no tears
 Now I'm a broken man crying in
 my beer,

The last of Drexel's profiteers! CHORUS:

CHORUS:

So here I sit in a Wall Street bar.
 (How I wish I was in Harvard now!)

With the S. E. C. about to pounce,
 I think my severance check may bounce.

Oh, Mister Milkin worked The Street.
 (How I wish I was in Harvard now!)
 He sold junk bonds for outrageous sums,
 And left his rivals worthless bums.

Oh, the age of greed had served us well.
 (How I wish I was in Harvard now!)
 We bought and sold and traded lies,
 For takeovers and leveraged buys.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

This filk originally appeared in the April 1990 Mailing of APA-NYU, an amateur press association that originally grew out of a now-defunct student science-fiction fan club at New York University, whence its name. This Mailing, its 179th, was col-
 lated on 5 April 1990 at the home of Marc Glasser, an inveterate filker from whom I
 have for years been attempting to elicit material for APA-Filk.

"Barrett's Privateers", which originally related an event from either the Ameri-
 can Revolution or the War of 1812, has proven remarkably popular among filkers. At
 Lunacon, on 17 March 1990, Mike Agranoff drew great applause with another song to
 the same tune, of which the last two
 lines of the chorus are reprinted to
 the right. I hope that Mike, or
 somebody, can give us the full text
 in APA-Filk.

"...Now I'm all alone with a pair of ears,
 The last of Mickey's Mouseketeers."

"Drexel's Profiteers" is a tale of capitalism in the 1980s, elicited by the col-
 lapse of the Wall Street firm popularly called "Drecksell, Burnem Gobare". (The rem-
 nants are said to be in line for a merger with Merrill Lynch, to produce a firm
 called "Lynch & Burnem".) The "S. E. C." is the Securities and Exchange Commission,
 one of those New Deal "alphabet" agencies whose creation was assailed as the last
 blow to the capitalist economic system in America. Michael Milken is popularly be-
 lieved, probably correctly, to be a major influence in the Drexel collapse. Harvard
 gets into the act because of the great prestige which graduates of its business
 school are supposed to have on Wall Street. A "golden parachute" is what you have
 if you manage to leave a failing business with a whole bundle of money. I am not
 even going to try to explain what a "junk bond" is, because nobody else can either.

"Drexel's Profiteers" is by no means the first satirical song to arise out of
 the Reagan-Bush Administrations' belief that a removal of restraints from stock mani-
 pulators is the road to eternal and universal prosperity. We may yet see the capi-
 talist system re-establish itself in eastern Europe even as its most dedicated ad-
 herents run it into the ground in the United States of America.

THE BALLAD OF COVENANT HOUSE

(Tune: "The Highland Tinker")

A handsome gay young hooker
Was cruising at the Mall,
When he saw Father Ritter
Pissing against the wall.

CHORUS: With a mouthful of "Hail Mary"
And a big long rosary,
And a ten-and-a-half-inch crucifix
Dangling at his knee.

The hooker's eyeballs widened,
And he was heard to say
That he'd rather be saved by Ritter
Than give up being gay.

CHORUS:

The Father took the hooker,
And thus to him did talk:
"The Holy Ghost's a pigeon,
"But I'm a chicken hawk."

CHORUS:

And Father Ritter sweated
To save the poor lad's soul,
And told him he must enter
In the Holy Glory Hole.

CHORUS:

He saved the gay male hooker,
And a couple others, too.
And then he saved a woman -
What a kinky thing to do!

CHORUS:

When Cardinal O'Connor
Was told of this and more,
He said that rock & roll is
Satanic to the core.

CHORUS:

He said so in his sermon,
And noted after Mass,
"This ought to get the tabloids
"Off Father Ritter's ass."

CHORUS:

But then the D. A. looked up
The Father's high finance.
"He's screwed us more with money
"Than with what's in his pants."

CHORUS:

The judge who found him guilty
Declared from where he sat,
"Sex may be recreation,
"But money's where it's at."

CHORUS:

I don't know how much out-of-towners may have heard about our New York City scandals, but Father Ritter's activities at Covenant House have produced a lively one. Covenant House, which Ritter founded nominally for the purpose of helping street kids who'd been supporting themselves by prostitution, has turned out to be a homosexual version of that old joke about "If you're saving the fallen women, save one for me!" At least four young men have told about having affairs with Ritter, who has been removed from Covenant House's management by embarrassed clerics who at first had given him their unqualified support. And when they looked into Covenant House's books, the public prosecutors began to take an interest in his financial as well as in his sexual activities. The situation described in the last verse has not yet come to pass, but it can be only a question of time unless the Archdiocese pulls some strings.

"The Mall" is poetic license; most of these kids solicit in the midtown Manhattan area, particularly at the Port Authority Bus Terminal. A "chicken hawk" is a person of either sex who is at least middle-aged, and takes a sexual interest in young men. Cardinal O'Connor's claims about the "satanic" influence of rock & roll were actually made in a sermon about six weeks ago, and made him a city-wide laughing-stock.

"The Highland Tinker", with variant titles such as "The Tinker", "The Jolly Beggar", and (from Robert Burns) "The Jolly Gauger", is a Scots song that can be dated back at least to 1616 in The Roxburghe Ballads. The plot is basically Lady Chatterly's Lover, with a woman of high degree being impressed by the physically endowments or sexual "glamour" of a man of the lowest classes. Once inside the lady's manor, the tinker fucks everyone in sight. One of the best-known verses is to the right, and it came to mind in March when a high-society lady in one of the Westchester County suburbs dismissed her butler simply because he had tested positive for the AIDS virus. A variant of the last line of that verse is "And the butler's pet mole too." Why a mole I have no idea, but during the 1960s a New York fan named Dan Goodman had an occasional fanzine entitled And the Butler's Pet Mole Too.

"First he fucked the duchess,
And all the housemaids, too.
And then he fucked the butler -
What a dreadful thing to do!"

THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

APA-Filk, a quarterly amateur press association for filksinging, is collated and distributed on the first days of May, August, November, and February by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11226-5302, who is also the author of anything in ANAKREON which is not attributed to anyone else. Anyone who sends a few dollars for postage and envelopes (25¢ each) will get APA-Filk by mail as long as the funds hold out. Postage and packing balances as of 9 April 1990 are:

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---------|--------------------|--------|-----------------|---------|
| Greg Baker | 19¢ | J. Spencer Love | \$7.07 | Karen Shaub | \$1.62 |
| Mark Blackman | \$12.06 | Lois Mangan | \$5.64 | Glenn Simser | \$4.97 |
| Steve Brinich | \$18.00 | Matthew Marcus | 24¢ | Beverly Slayton | \$11.84 |
| Harold Groot | \$5.18 | Margaret Middleton | \$2.71 | Mike Stein | \$6.66 |
| Cecilia Hatlestad | \$4.10 | Dorreen Miller | \$6.11 | Peter Thiesen | 37¢ |
| Jordin Kare | \$4.75 | Pete Seeger | \$4.90 | Sol Weber | \$4.99 |

Mike Agranoff and Roberta Rogow receive complimentary trade copies of APA-Filk. The postage and packing accounts of Bob Lipton, Jeff Poretsky, and Jane Sibley are combined with those for the s-f amateur press association APA-Q, which is published every third Saturday. Bob Fitch and Lana Raymond have asked that their APA-Filk subscriptions be suspended until further notice, and Mistie Joyce has just dropped out of sight leaving a positive balance in her account. As of this present 46th Mailing, the balance in your account is given in the above space. Accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended. Presently suspended accounts are:

| | | | | | |
|------------------|------|-------------------|--------|-------------------|---------|
| Harry Andruschak | -14¢ | Mistie Joyce | \$6.86 | Kathy Sands | -12¢ |
| Sally & Barry | | Leslie Lyons | -49¢ | Elliot K. Shorter | -\$2.00 |
| Childs-Helton | -74¢ | Randall McDougall | -65¢ | Nick Simichich | -69¢ |
| Sean Cleary | -38¢ | Dena Mussaf | -87¢ | Dana Snow | -15¢ |
| Gerald Collins | -10¢ | Deirdre & Jim | | Rick Weiss | -\$1.25 |
| Paul Doerr | -50¢ | Rittenhouse | -15¢ | Paul Willett | -\$1.23 |
| Bob Fitch | 50¢ | Michael Rubin | -32¢ | | |

GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON, John Boardman's contribution to APA-Filk, is published quarterly. It circulates through this amateur press association for filksinging and filksingers, and also goes to everyone who gets my science-fiction/fantasy/comic art fanzine DAGON.

The copy count of APA-Filk is 60, and the deadline dates are the first days of every May, August, November, and February. Send your contributions here, but be warned allowing too little time for the United States Postal "Service" to get them here. See "The Ministry of Finance", above, for financial details.

This present Mailing is the 46th, and will go into the mail on 1 May 1990. That's a Tuesday, so if you aimed something at me for the following Saturday, this may explain why it wasn't there.

APA-Filk #45 cover: This was the most recent "generic" cover I had prepared for APA-Filk, with everything already printed, and the number and date rubber-stamped on at the last minute. I am also preparing a collage cover for the 48th Mailing on 1 November 1990. The rest of you are being made responsible for the covers of this present Mailing and the 47th one. Failing a cover, ANAKREON will be collated for the front of the Mailing so that all the requisite bibliographic information will be on the front cover.

However, I have noticed that an appearance of a collage cover from me, in either APA-Filk or APA-Q, is speedily followed by cover artwork contributed by other members of the apa. This reminds me of the way in which people will join in on a singing session once I've started to sing; the hope is that with enough of them they can drown me out.

Jersey Flats #21 (Rogow): Thanks for the con reports. It's just as well that Mostly Eastly Con kept you away from Esotericon, as I can just imagine what would be sung in a filksinging session at Esotericon. (To judge from their publicity, Esotericon is a combination of a psychic fair, a s-f/fantasy convention, and an encampment of Inexpensive Amazons from the planet Duckunder.) Esotericon filk might include "Hope Eerie", "Banned from Virgo", "The Green Hills of Tir-n'an-Og", "The Horoscoper's Daughter", "Never Set a Psychic Fire", "The Zodiac's Marching Song", and "The Tower Keeper". ("With a hey down, deryni deryni down...")

Which version of Flesh Gordon did you see, "R" or "X"? We saw the "X" when it first came out, but most of the showings that have since appeared, at cons or on rental tapes, have been "R". The chief difference as I recall it is that the gay sex is somewhat more emphasized in the "X" version.

Keep us posted on "Futurespeak" developments. I presume you're familiar with De Camp's classic "Language for Time Travelers", written about 50 years ago.

(Was it just fifty? This week is the 50th anniversary of the German invasion of Norway and Denmark as I am putting this on stencil, and I recall the news reports vividly. In nine days will come the 50th anniversary of the German sweep through the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and - to everyone's surprise - France, which had until then been thought capable of putting up a major fight.)

D. C. al Fine #7 (Stein): There was a performance of Die Fledermaus at the Met a couple of years ago, which we saw. It was sung in German and spoken in English, including the soliloquy by the jailer Frosch, who gets to rewrite his lines to satirize current events. We liked it, except that for some reason Troianova of all people could scarcely be understood.

If Folly Neuhaus shows up at a filking session around here, I for one will give her a most respectful hearing based on your description.

To judge from your description, this feuding among west coast filkers is getting completely out of hand. (I presume that it has something to do with the break-up of "Off Centaur"?)

As of 3 months after the events I described in the last ANAKREON as "The Chorillo Carol" took place, there are still some 13,000 U. S. troops in Panama, and no indication at all as to when they will leave.

ANAKREON #45 (me): The "\$tealth" planes which President Butch sent in to bomb Panama City were fighters, not bombers as I said in the last issue. And it now appears as if 2,000 is a low estimate for the consequent death toll.

Singspiel #45 (Blackman): Henry Jenkins has not written me about APA-Filk.

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room This Time & We Are Here (Middleton): Best wishes in your new location. I'm sorry to hear about your cats. We never got a replacement after ours died, more for reasons of convenience and finance than for sentiment.

Condolences on your mother's death. I lost an aunt to a brain tumor at about the same time, but my parents came through the quake (20 km. from epicenter) okay.

This is
O At
P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflamm
O Optic
N Nerves

#1604

SOFTWARE HACKER'S PRAYER

(Words (c) 1989 David Weingart; Music "Rocket Rider's Prayer" (c) c. 1985 Steve Savitzky. With thanks to Deb Wunder, who hunted it down for us.)

C G7
When the system's dead before us like a pile of hi-tech junk,

C G7
And we've got one week to deadline or our jobs will all be sunk

C F C
And those changes and revisions growing greater every day

F C G C
It's about this time we realize that all we can do is pray.

C G7
CHORUS: So we'll pray to Brian Kernighan and Dennis Ritchie, too

C G7
And the gods of C and UNIX who will help us to make do

C F C
Oh, you gods of Bell and System V you have us in your care

F C G C
We hope that you will listen to a software hacker's prayer.

Our first prayer goes to Hestia, goddess of the hearth and home
Since we're living with these terminals, at least until we're done
Won't you aid us as we program, and please help to save the lives
Of our college co-op students who've spilled coffee on the drives.

CHORUS:

Our next prayer's Mnemosyne, goddess of all memory
Since we've only got 8 mgs and we have got to keep half free
Can't you help us with the problem that is keeping us here nights
And please find some place for us to put another million bytes.

CHORUS:

We'll be supplicants of Hermes, mighty god of things that speed
Can't you find it for to aid us in our hour of deepest need
Won't you please speed our compilers, so we don't sit on the dock
And then maybe give a boost to our computer's central clock?

CHORUS:

Our final prayer we send to the Erinyes down in Hell
Where we hope that they will hear us and then take revenge as well
We would like to see them spend some time in chasing down the one
Who'll come in with more revisions just about the time we're done.

CHORUS:

I AM THE VERY MODEL OF A MODERN PHYSICS THEORIST

by John A. Barrett, Harvard University

(Tune: "I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major General")

I've studied all the sciences in order alphabetical,
 My judgment is, which some of you may find to be heretical,
 The field that's really quite abstruse,
 The field where all the screws come loose,
 The field that's famous for its spoofs is physics theoretical.

I've taken undergraduate work whose content is forgettable;
 And graduate work is gen'rally regarded as regrettable.
 The lecturers are all absurd,
 A cogent word is never heard,
 Insanity afflicts a third in physics theoretical.

We never do experiments; we shun the purely practical.
 Our best work's done in getting grants - our budgets are fantastical.
 In one respect our motive's pure:
 Though funding fails, we still endure -
 We make damn sure our job's secure in physics theoretical.

Our scientific breakthroughs are, to say the least, debatable.
 We laugh at critics haughtily; our egos are inflatable.
 The rest of science goes along,
 Because our last defense is strong:
 It's hard to prove we're ever wrong in physics theoretical.

GRACELESS NOTES

Professor Barrett's filksong above (and could he be any kin to the commander of "Barrett's Privateers"?) is by no means the first done by a man of my profession. There have come down to us the following verses, to the tune of "Comin' Through the Rye", by the great Scottish physicist James Clerk Maxwell (1831-1879), whose more important achievement was a theory unifying electricity and magnetism, and bringing in light as an unexpected bonus. These verses, entitled "Rigid Body Sings", are in memory of Edward Wilson.

Gin a body meet a body
 Flyin' through the air,
 Gin a body hit a body,
 Will it fly? and where?
 Ilka impact has its measure,
 Ne'er a ane hae I,
 Yet a' the lads they measure me,
 Or, at least, they try.

Gin a body meet a body
 Altogether free,
 How they travel afterwards
 We do not always see.
 Ilka problem has its method
 By analytics high;
 For me, I ken na ane o' them,
 But what the waur am I?

*

This congressional district is represented in Washington by Representative Major Owens - and represented to its satisfaction, to judge by the 13 to 1 margin its voters gave him in 1988. He is alleged to be the first librarian ever to serve in Congress, and as such fought vigorously against the FBI's stupid "Library Awareness Program", an attempt to turn librarians into counter-spies against a suppositious "International

(continued on p. 9)

VIEILLE CHANSON SEMI-POPULAIRE

(Sur l'air de "Aupres de ma Blonde")

Probablement par Professeurs Andre Lichnerowicz et Marie-Antoinette Tonnelat,
pour le Colloque sur les Theories Relativistes de la Gravitation, Royaumont, France,
21-27 Juin 1959.

Dan les jardins d'Asnieres)bis
La science a refleuri)
Tous les savants du monde
Apportent leurs ecrits.

Refrain:

Aupres de nos ondes
Qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon
Aupres de nos ondes
Qu'il fait bon rever.

Tous les savants du monde)bis
Apportent leurs ecrits)
Loi gravitationelle
Sans tenseur d'energie.

Loi gravitationelle)bis
Sans tenseur d'energie)
De ravissants modeles
Pour la cosmologie.

De ravissant modeles)bis
Pour la cosmologie)
Pour moi ne m'en faut guere
Car j'en ai un joli.

Pour moi ne m'en faut guere)bis
Car j'en ai un joli)
Il est dans ma cervelle
Voici mon manuscrit.

Le champ laisse des plumes)bis
Aux bosses de l'espace-temps)
En prendrons quelques unes
Pour descrire le mouvement.

Mais l'energie s'ecoule)bis
Et la Saint Jean s'enfuit)
S'enfuit comme les ondes
Le Colloque est fini.

GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 7)

Communitistic Conspiracy". And, according to Newsday of 12 April 1990, he also read into the Congressional Record a 45-line rap poem "Flagellating men for messing up the world and urging women to save the planet by leading the fight for child care." "I sometimes write poetry as an outlet for my political frustrations," Owens explains. Considering that he believes that social programs should have the priority that now goes to the Pentagon's military machine, he must get frustrated quite often.

Rap lies a little beyond the purview of APA-Filk, so I won't dig Owens's lines out of the Congressional Record and pass them on here.

*

A few years ago, the declining but still lively Yiddish theater in Manhattan put on a version of Eugene O'Neill's Anna Christie entitled The Bride Got Farblonjet. ("Farblonjet" is probably a form of the German verblendet, "dazzled", or "infatuated.") Now the Ridiculous Theater Company is reviving Charles Ludlam's 1977 send-up of Wagner's "Ring" cycle of operas as Der Ring Gott Farblonjet - note the extra "t" in Gott!

These reuton Teutons have cut down Wagner's 16-hour cycle into three hours of comedy, which got good reviews. Ludlam died a couple of years ago of AIDS, but his lover Everett Quinton is directing this production as a tribute to him. The Valkyries are men in drag, and the evil dwarfs are "Nihilumpen". named Alverruck (Yiddish, "All Crazy") and Ninny. "The Rheinmaidens (are) three guys in pumps and yellow wigs (who) cry into beer suds for their lost rheingold, to the strains of a beerhall polka." The "head god", as Anna Russell once called him, is "Twoton". And, of course, Hagen is called a "son of a Gibichung".

*

The Good Coffeehouse got out the second part of their spring schedule about a month ago, and here's what's left of it by now.

- 4 May: David Jones, "internationally known performer of music hall and traditional folk music of the British isles and a master teller of stories and jokes."
- 13 May: Bobbie Wayne with Dan Mozell, contemporary Keltic harp tunes.
- 1 June: Morningstar Band "plays lively sets of traditional Irish and Scottish dance tunes..."
- 15 June: Bob Marcelonis "songs that are masterfully comic, uniquely funny, and has his audiences in stitches," and Norm Wennett, who "sings and plays offbeat and upbeat songs in a variety of styles."

The Good happens at the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park West. The doors open at 8:45 PM and the show starts at 9:30. Admission is \$5, which includes coffee and munchies.

*

Amateur shows kidding prominent politicians in the audience go back quite a ways, to judge from an item which William K. Kingaman shares with us in his book 1929: The Year of the Great Crash. In 1929 the Gridiron Club of Washington had its annual spring dinner with President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt as guests, and the verse to the right, to the tune of "The Isle of Our Dreams", expresses the fact that the Hoover Administration "was the most completely one-man affair since Woodrow Wilson". When the "Cabinet" was introduced, it turned out to be ten robots with Hoover masks, who sang this song.

Now it seems all to be coming around again. Once again no strong personality has emerged in the cabinet, and once again the stock market is making anticipatory tremors prior to really

When you're serving in the Cabinet
There is just one thing to do:
Do not worry 'cause it's Herbert
Who's reflected there in you.
Be content to be just echoes
If he plays a one-man game,
Then when trouble comes a-knocking
Just let Herbert take the blame.

For the path is not all lined with roses,
And the brickbats are part of the game.
When a target they hunt
He'll be there out in front -
Who but Hoover will get all the blame.

falling apart. Once again a diffident aristocrat sits in the White House, waiting for the roof to fall in.

*

Last year in Maryland I wandered into a Christian bookshop, mainly because their sales stock is productive of so much amusement. This one wasn't as funny as Christian Publications right here on West 43rd Street, but it did have a flier announcing a talk by a "former Witch" named Penny Hoefflinger, who was going to edify the Christians by telling how she had been saved from the horrors of a life of Witchcraft.

I am aware that a number of members of the Craft read ANAKREON, and I wonder whether any of them can give me more accurate details. We may have here yet another version of John Todd, alias "Lance Collins", or of Laurel Rose Wilson, alias "Lauren Stratford" - a confused and crooked hoaxer, with a story to tell which changes as the circumstances do, but is eagerly believed by Christians.

*

The last meeting to be held by the Beaker People Libation Front was on the evening of 20 April at the Sun Mountain Cafe in Greenwich Village. Possibly to mark the 101st anniversary of the birth of Adolf Hitler, Sally Eaton came up with a filk of Das Horst Wessel Lied, which is reprinted to the right. Horst Wessel was a pimp and street thug, who wrote the original song (Die Fahne Hoch) shortly before the Nazis seized power, and shortly before he himself was killed in a street brawl.

Sally's second verse is uncompleted, and both seem to owe little to the meter of the original. There may be a grim relevance to all this, because the approaching reunification of Germany is bringing a lot of unsavory types out from under the rocks. There are apparently still some militarists in Germany who believe that Česko-Budějovice will someday become Budweis again, Wrocław will become Breslau, that Łódź will become Litzmannstadt, that Klaipėda and Kaunas will become Memel and Kauen, and that Pskov will become Pleskau.

The morons march - we're confident and carefree.

I march with them, because they're morons just like me!

With joyous hearts and measured tread we know we won't go wrong -

Come march with us - 'or Jew won't march for long.

We read Mein Kampf and watch re-runs of Triumph of the Will,

For Hitler lives, and we applaud him still...

*

The Brooklyn section of Newsday on 5 April 1990 reported on a monthly folksong coffee house located in the United Methodist Church parish house in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, at the corner of Ovington and Fourth Avenues. (Take the R train to Bay Ridge Avenue.) The Songs for Peace Coffeehouse meets there at 7:30 PM on the second Friday of each month. It is sponsored by the Bay Ridge Coalition for Peace, and is free.

I beg leave to wonder just how compatible the Songs for Peace Coffeehouse will be with the United Methodist Church. A few years ago, as has been chronicled in the pages of ANAKREON, the United Methodist Church firmly and at the insistence of its members resisted an attempt to get such militaristic hymns as "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" removed from its hymnal. The outspoken proponent of censorship, Donald Wildmon, is a minister in this church.

The Newsday story dealt with the work of the Bay Ridge Coalition for Peace in rejecting this dumb idea to base a nuclear-armed task force in New York Harbor. The U. S. government has already backed down from its original plan to place the battleship Iowa in this "homeport", and our new Mayor, David Dinkins, is trying to get the whole idea put out of its and our misery. (See my "Yo Ho Ho and a Barrel of Pork", in ANAKREON #26, 1 May 1985, for details in the form of filk.)

*

Since the first part of this issue was put on stencil, Representative Owens has written another rap song which he plans to enter into the Congressional Record. (Newsday, 23 April 1990) This one deals with the government bail-out of the savings and

loan system which, if our luck is in, won't cost very much more than did the war with Vietnam. This is part of a development called "lemon socialism", under which incompetently run business are managed by the government while competent ones remain private enterprises.

Representative Owens has put this composition into the Congressional Record also, which will help liven up those usually boring maroon volumes. The portions reprinted in Newsday appear to the right. "MBA" means "Master of Business Administration", a class that lives in perpetual fear that it will be reduced to working for a living, and which has received the same solicitous concern from the Reagan-Bush Administration that union members did from Franklin D. Roosevelt, African-Americans from John F. Kennedy, or soldiers from Lyndon Johnson. "Deregulation" is a Reagan-Bush economic tactic of obvious meaning, which has had the same effect on the economy that the repeal of laws against drunken driving would have on the highways.

The S and L Riot

There's a riot at the mint!
But you gotta be a gent
To break in here only MBA's
You must comprehend their deregulated ways.
...There's a riot at the mint!
You can't hole up here with a Honda
Bring your Lincoln, Cadillac, Mercedes,
or Rolls Royce
Champagne, caviar - the very best when
they rejoice.
Reagan was the host
Who gave them the most
But there's a new chump now...
Hurry old boys wherever you are
Come and milk the golden cow
...There's a riot at the mint!

*

Last Saturday morning, WCBS news reported that the astronauts who just put the Hubble Space Telescope into orbit were awakened to the song whose first two verses appear to the right. The tune is, of course, "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea", a song of the always popular cumulative style like "The Twelve Days of Christmas", "Echad Mi Yode'a", "Green Grow the Rushes, O", and "There's a Hole in the Bucket".

There's a hole in the middle of it all
There's a hole in the middle of it all.
There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the middle of it all.

There's a bang in the hole in the
middle of it all...

The "hole in the middle of it all" is of course a Black Hole, a giant star which in the last stage of its existence has collapsed by its own gravitational attraction to such a great density that not even light can leave it. (Other mechanisms for producing black holes have also been suggested.) The Hubble Space Telescope has been designed to, among many other things, detect evidence that high-energy radiation is given off by particles as they spiral down into a black hole. There are several objects in our galaxy which are "candidates" for being black holes, including an accumulation of mass at its center estimated to be several million solar masses.

If anyone has run across a fuller text of this song, could you please send it to me or, better yet, put it in as an APA-Filk contribution of your own.

The difficulties of putting the Hubble Space Telescope into orbit sometimes seem to require the other cumulative "Hole" song - "There's a Hole in the Bucket". In this song, something has to be done to fix the hole, and something else has to be done before that can be accomplished, and so on and so on through an increasing number of tasks, until finally it seems that water has to be fetched - but "There's a Hole in the Bucket". The song has always been a favorite among people who have to tackle extremely complicated tasks in which, apparently, everything has to be done first.

*

Cardinal O'Connor's stupid sermon of 4 March, in which he claimed that rock and roll is Satan's music, and pornography set to sound, has received its only just response from local rock fans. What was formerly the AM station WJIT at 1460 kilo-

hertz has just become "Z-ROCK", and bills itself as "New York's first all-heavy metal rock station". (New York Post 28 April 1990) Z-ROCK's general manager, Frank Flores, says, "We're going to be real brash and loud. We're a renegade station. We're going to play songs that FM stations wouldn't dare play," presumably in line with the station's on-air slogan "FM Sucks!"

"Most heavy metal music is about girls and cars and having fun," Flores said. But it includes Ozzy Osbourne's song "Suicide Solution", which O'Connor characterized as being among "Some music (that) is a help to the devil."

I am not a rock fan, particularly of heavy metal. But at stake here is an issue of artistic freedom that transcends personal taste, just like the Mapplethorpe photos that have caused a Cincinnati art gallery and its director to be indicted. (A few Mapplethorpe photos have been displayed at the Brooklyn Museum, too, but they drew little attention since they showed the sexual organs of plants rather than of human beings.)

Besides, devotees of rock are quite capable of criticizing their own field, and don't need government censors with police powers in the act. This fact was indignantly cited by one Christopher Davis in a letter to Newsday of 23 April 1990, who seems to think that rock critics exhibit a "leftist/feminist dogma and bullying that infests music journalism." Davis reminds me of those letters to the editor to the Young Americans for Freedom's monthly New Guard, who some 10 or 12 years ago were solemnly debating whether punk rock is an essentially conservative art form. Davis seems to believe that it is, since he roundly berates "educated liberals" who write critiques of it.

*

Newsweek published in March an article of the sort Davis would oppose, and O'Connor support, on rap music. Jerry Adler, author of an essay called "The Rap Attitude" which was part of this article, was attacked by more than three dozen music critics who objected that it "fails to place rap into any musical, social, cultural or historical context, choosing instead to invent 'a nightmarish - and racist - fantasy about ignorant black men who scream obscene threats.'" (New York Post, 31 March 1990)

To the best of my knowledge, Representative Owens's views on this article have not been sought.

*

ANAKREON #246

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FIRST CLASS MAIL

In this issue:

RINGS, RAP, AND RITTER

March 18, 1990

OBSERVATIONS FROM A RECENT FILK VIRGIN

Hi! I just attended my first Con. And from one species of lunatic to a herd of another species, recognizably of the same genus, I bring greeting. I do not expect to be a regular contributor to APA Filk, but as a long-time subscriber, I thought I might drop a few words to the rest of the readership, and especially to some of the other contributors whose works have entertained and enlightened me for several years. You might like to know what it's like for an outsider like me.

By way of introduction, I come to the separate worlds of SF/Fantasy and Music by two separate paths. I've been a long-time SF reader, but not to the all-encompassing degree to truly classify me as a Fan. In music, I'm very active in the current Folk Scene, both as a performer and in the organizational end of the genre. These two interests merged several years ago when some anonymous party (whoever it was, please 'fess up. I'd like to thank you for opening this world to me.) sent me a couple of copies of APA Filk. Since my day job is of a technical nature (machine design engineer), and my repertoire has always included parodies, the contents of these two issues was eye-opening. Bells inside me went off, saying, "There are connections here!" And when I discovered in one of those issues about 42 verses of Old Time Religion, that capped it. I had first heard OTR around 1976 in the campground of the Fox Hollow Folk Festival in upstate NY, and quickly snarfed up the 5 or so verses that I heard, and added a couple of my own. To see that many additional verses in one place, and to realize that they started at verse number 400+ was staggering. Of course Sturgeon's (I think) Law, "90% of everything is crap," held. But on sheer volume alone I was impressed. I got in touch with John Boardman and subscribed.

Over the next couple of years I avidly read each issue as it came in the mail, talked with John occasionally (He came to see me play a couple of times when I had gigs in Brooklyn.), and periphally got to know the world of Filk, and to become passing familiar with its movers, shakers, foibles, and stars. Last year I came to a First Saturday gathering at John's (and actually got to hear the "Banned from Argo" for the first time. Yeah, it may be oversung, but that's probably because it is a real good song!) But yesterday, I went to my first con. It turns out that Jonathan Bayer, the director of Lunacon, is a member of the Folk Project, the folk organization with which I'm involved here in NJ. One thing led to another, and so off I went.

Observations of a newbie: perhaps of cons in general, perhaps of Lunacon in particular. I recognize the atmosphere. I go to folk festivals, and the feeling generated when masses of people whose avocation is considered eccentric at best by the general public gather together is powerful and wonderful. With safety in numbers, the stops get pulled out (perhaps a bit too far) and it's OK! I did feel somewhat left out, because usually in this atmosphere, I'm in the thick of it. At folk gatherings, I know everyone and vice versa. At Lunacon, I felt strangely outside of things. (That's my own problem, not the fault of the event or its participants. Not being familiar with the ins and outs of the SF world, I couldn't even plug into conversations, which tended to focus on esoterica that lay outside my knowledge or interest.) But I had fun people-watching. From the costumes to the volleyball game using inflated condoms from the free supplies (safe volleyball?) it was impossible to be bored. It is obvious that Fandom, like the Folk world, provides a haven for social misfits. That's OK; neither would be the same without them.

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I was overwhelmed by all the STUFF available in Dealers' Row, and I liked the Art Show. I had not come psychologically prepared to spend money, so I didn't. Perhaps I might next time. The workshops and the talk by G.O.H. held little interest for me, again due to my lack of immersion in the genre. The masquerade was neat, though. It points out that acclamation from one's peers can be a strong incentive to effort as any monetary reward. There was a short play after the masquerade that was very well written. It was obviously thrown together at the con itself, though, and the actors had no time to memorize lines, but had to read from hand-held scripts. I'd have loved to have seen it properly produced. It would have great potential. Perhaps next year?

And then there was the filking...what I came for. It started at 12:30, and I left around 3:30 as it was beginning to wind down. I'd read in APA Filk of the various horror stories concerning circle hogs, and various musical chaos that can inflict these gatherings, but I thought things went rather well, especially considering the size of the circle. I'd guess there were 50+ at peak. The Bardic Circle also occurs in the Folk world, so I felt at home. Carol Kabakjian sort of became de facto mistress of the circle, and I think she did a commendable job. It can sometimes be a thankless, but necessary task. One must tread that fine line of keeping the circle moving. Too little control, and the whole thing breaks down. Too much, and you get bad-mouthed as an authoritarian. Ideally, the circle leader is transparent, and the turn just moves from one to the next. Sometimes it becomes necessary, for the good of the circle, to squelch a circle-hog or prod a shy person into action. Carol seemed to tread the line well. Most important, her motivations seemed to be truly those of keeping the circle going, and not of any self-serving interest or power-mongering. I don't believe she was officially assigned to the task by the con, but serendipitously assumed it. Perhaps assigning the post of circle-master to her or someone of her ilk might be a good idea. Touchy assignment.

At the risk of passing judgement on a situation with which I'm only partly familiar, I'd say there were a couple of individuals who were impediments to the gestalt of the circle. There was one fellow (whose name I don't know) who felt compelled to pass comment on everything that transpired, and add his two cents whether opportunity presented itself or not. Such people bother me, perhaps because I see myself unflatteringly mirrored in them. As a member of the circle, I would try to discourage such behavior in ways as subtle as possible or as obvious as necessary. But on the whole, I had a very nice time. Particularly so, because all of the old standard filk stuff was new to me, and all of my old standard stuff was new to the rest of the folks. We renewed it for each other.

Well, thanks for letting me bend your ear. Maybe I'll hit ConCerto in June. Hope to meet some of you there. In the meantime, here's a song for you that I wrote specifically for a parody workshop with the intent of making a near-perfect parody. One of the first rules in parody is knowing where to stop.

MY ACCUTRON WATCH

Words: ©Mike Agranoff

Melody: "My Grandfather's Clock" by Henry Clay Work

My Accutron Watch was too large for my wrist, so it sat 90 days in a drawer.

It had one of those bands you could flex and could twist, but it weighed 7 pounds or more.

Well, I bought it at noon on the 2nd day of June, and its tuning fork merrily whirred. But it stopped short, never to go again on September third.

90 days was its warranty [oooooooooooooooooooo]*

92, all it gave to me. [ooooooooooooo]

But it stopped short, never to go again on September third.

*Alternatively to humming, those with electronic watches that can be made to "beep" on command can accompany themselves appropriately.

SING SILE

46th Stanza, APA-Filk #46 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 718-336-3255 / April 11, 1990

Alas, I didn't get to filking at **Lunacon**; it never seemed to get going till after 12:30. John B., who did get to it, didn't sing, for which the Lunarians thanked him with a blown glass figure of "Little Lunie" sitting on a banana. // Roberta told me she's seen a copy of Jenkins' thesis and that I'd been quoted several times (poor fool he). Golly, does this make me an Authority on Filk?

At an APA-NYU collation, I tossed out "Hobbes the Magic Tiger" and Abby responded with something along the lines of "lives in a house, / and frolics with a little kid who really is a louse. / Little Calvin ... what IS his last name?"

& ----- **THE MELODY LINGERS** : Comments on APA-Filk #45 ----- &

COVER 45/John Boardman: Liked the collage, as usual, but have you got a magnifying glass for some of those captions? (Filthy Pierre at least included one.)

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: Alien Nation is a buddy-cop show with the "ethnic" partner an extra-terrestrial. It goes to the myth of the American "melting pot", with the aliens partaking of aspects of blacks and the Jewish, Chicano, Korean, et al. immigrants (slavery, bigotry, civil rights, competition, assimilation ["American" names], strange diet, religion, etc.).

DC AL FINE/Mike Stein: Thanks for the OVFF report. Folly Neuhaus has been at several Midwestern con filksings. Did you "note" that Mark Bernstein's gumshoe was named DC Fine? // Philcon's been at the Adam's Mark for several years (after sharing hotels with dog breeders, tombstone makers and of course middies). // Re feuds, some filkers prefer royalty checks to reality checks. It's getting hard even to buy a tape without someone seeing it as your taking sides in a feud. // What's wrong with a ballbearing dishwasher? // ?t me> While touring Spain & Portugal, I crossed over to Morocco for a couple of days. // "How Can I Keep from Filking?"> "ilk, Eng-" is a rhyme worthy of Tom Lehrer. // "Watchman"> Good.

WE ARE HERE/Margaret Middleton: On the bright side, "I broke my G-string" IS an attention-getting line. // My deepest condolences on your mother's death.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: Yesterfilk> Didn't a Labourite, disgusted with the Party's direction in the '60s, filk "The Red Flag" thusly: "The workers' flag is very pink, / a nice colour, don't you think?" # These days the working class has as much stake in the status quo as the employing class, and neither spares much thought for the unemployed & homeless. # Ethnic antagonisms have already broken out in Eastern Europe. "Freedom of expression" means being able to assault Armenians, Hungarians and Jews. # Re "dungeons dark/gallows grim", in Hyde Park's Speaker's Corner, I heard a Socialist remind a Communist that "Stalin killed more workers than Churchill". # Marylander Beki Taylor tells me that they dropped the offensive verses, though not the song. # Re Chapin's "Red Feast", when World War I came, Socialists decided that their primary allegiance was to their nations. // "Green Hills of Earth" can also be sung to the Gilligan's Island theme. Is that "perfectly good tune" the one used on X Minus 1? # You're right, of course; "idolatry" isn't "idol" + "atry". // ct y> On the other hand, a NYC Police Commissioner did go on to the Presidency. // Rhyming "wuh" (were) with "LaGuardia" is a bit too much of a stretch. // There was a bit on Garrison Keillor's American Radio Company of the Air (broadcast from BAM, the Brooklyn Academy of Music, btw) about altering the "Star-Spangled Banner"'s tune on those difficult 4 middle lines ("rockets' red glare..."). // "Do You Know Your Rep is Dead?"> Nasty but true. // When singing "The Agincourt Carol", Clam Chowder would shift from "deo gratias, Anglia" to "Day-o" from "The Banana Boat Song". (During your caroling parties, I'd so shifted from "gloria in excelsis Deo".) # Bush compared the Panama invasion in importance to the battles of Yorktown and Gettysburg! // With gifts given on both St. Nicholas' Day and Christmas in the Netherlands, I'm told of a Dutch card of Santa Claus and St. Nicholas shaking fists at each other. I'll be at Disclave. See (hear?) some of you there. mb

D. C. al Fine Op. 8

composed by Mike Stein, P. O. Box 10420, Arlington, VA 22210 (703)241-2927
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The poker windfall mentioned last issue was short-lived, as the hard drive in my computer failed in mid-February, and its replacement cost - you guessed it - a bit over \$400. Fortunately, I was able to recover everything. However, I shall be careful to do an incremental backup after every session from here on out.

In the past three months, I attended two filk cons. Con2bile was held in Peterborough, England over the first weekend in February. I had heard about it from Valerie Housden, whom I met at Noreascon. The idea "it might be nice to go" turned into hard plans when the airlines started offering insane prices for London roundtrips - \$301 on British Airways. That's nearly \$100 cheaper than a supersaver to California!

My flight left Dulles at 8PM on Thursday, the first of February. I found on-street parking a few blocks from a Metro station and took the subway to West Falls Church, where a poorly-advertised shuttle van service goes to the airport for \$5.00 (cab is \$35.00). I arrived about two hours before flight time, checked in, and settled back to read until time to board the plane.

BA calls itself "the world's favourite airline," and I must say that they've got some basis for making that claim. The cabin crew was uniformly polite and eager to help, noticeably more so than on any of the domestic carrier flights I have taken in the last few years. Both the outbound and the return were right on time. If ever I go back to England (and I do have an attending membership in Treble, next year's con), I'll try to fly BA unless there's a significant cost difference.

We landed at Heathrow, and I changed some traveller's checks. I was rather taken aback at the \$2.50 service charge for conversion, over and above the buy/sell spread. That seems to be common practice, though. Fortunately, I bought Visa checks, which are issued by Barclay's, a major British bank. Once out of the airport, I cash them without fee at any of their branches.

I took the Tube to King's Cross station, and bought a train ticket for Peterborough. The trip up took about 45 minutes. Handily, the hotel was right across from the train station. I checked in and found that Colin Fine was to be my roommate, though he had not yet arrived. Since I had been up for over 24 hours, I dozed off for a few hours; this proved to be all the time zone adjustment that I needed.

When I woke up, things were picking up steam. I registered and started mixing with the Brits. The last progress report showed me as the only American attending other than American GOH Meg Davis, who has been living in Glasgow for the past couple of years, and there were no walk-ins. Originally Frank Hayes and Teri Lee were supposed to have been the Yank GOHs. When I asked why the change had been made, I was told that Frank and Teri stopped answering their mail. This complaint was echoed by one of the dealers, who said that they had ordered goods from Firebird, had their credit card charged, but had not received anything after what they considered too long a time. The company recently moved to Portland, Oregon, which might serve as explanation, though not necessarily excuse - one would think that mail would be forwarded. I have not heard Frank and Teri's side of it, nor the official explanation for the move.

To my surprise, Meg Davis remembered me from the time she had done a concert set at Confusion a few years ago. She invited me to have dinner with her at the hotel restaurant, and we chatted on this and that while being served by a rather nervous waiter who had not been on the job long. She moved to Glasgow when she discovered that with her playing on both sides of the Atlantic, it was just as cheap to live there as here, and it enhanced her reputation in the States when she could be billed as Meg Davis "from Glasgow." She's currently married, but she told me that things are not good between her and her husband - he wants her to give up touring, and, as she put it, "I don't think that's even an option any more." I expect that she will be divorced in the not too distant future. We wound up dinner with an invitation to come visit her in Glasgow along with two enormous chunks of chocolate cake (we later found out that the waiter had been more generous than normal with the slicing; fortunately we had left him a good tip).

The tech setup was so elaborate that some people felt that they had gone overboard. Part of the setup was defensive - they did not trust the hotel's PA equipment. While the concert room was not large, I gather they felt some people still might not have big enough voices to hit the back corners. Also, there were several electric guitars in attendance. The British GOH, Mike Whittaker, is a fine guitarist who plays both acoustic and electric. Another advantage of their tech setup is that they get very good recordings. Wail's technique of having a panel of four mikes across the stage is unobtrusive and does not require resetting for each performance, but the big drawback is that it allows more noise into the recording.

My impression of the general level is that they're a few years behind us. The balance between completely original compositions and parodies/resettings is more heavily weighted in favor of the latter, and the level of acceptability, as far as scansion and rhyme perfection goes, is lower. I spent some time with a couple of people helping them (rather more than I intended, which I think embarrassed all of us) to perfect a parallel (i.e., a non-funny parody) of *Hope Eyrie*; the authors seemed unaware of the scansion and rhyme errors. However, that's the way things were here back a number of years ago (and still are, in some areas), before more technically proficient work got around enough to serve as comparison, and "good enough for filk" started giving way to the idea that one should take the time to do one's best. At least what they lack in polish they do seem to make up in enthusiasm! A big thing over there is "filk wars," where someone filks another person's song (often naming them in the lyrics) before the ink is dry on the original. Something else that's going on over there is what they call the "Before the Dawn" suite - a filkish version of a shared universe series.

My chief complaint, though, was that smoking was much more prevalent over there than in the states. The only two American smoking filkers I know are Leslie Fish and Bill Sutton. At Con2bile, there were a significant number of smokers, though still probably less than the society at large.

Attendance was just over 100, making it equal to American filk cons. Besides those already mentioned, prominent British filkers in attendance were Gytha North (next year's Consonance GOH), Philip Allcock, Anne Rundle, Pat Brown, and Rhodri James (an excellent voice - he can do a creditable countertenor). They had their own version of Folly Neuhaus as well - this was the first con for Tracey Josham, who has a very good voice and writes good lyrics. (Unlike Folly, she doesn't usually do her own music.)

Besides the usual concert slots (I had one), program items included a cat filk set, microphone technique, an "incomplete filks" workshop, and a "filk wars" set. The open filking closed down much earlier than I am used to, though Sunday night (many stayed over 'til Monday morning) was well-attended.

The gripe session turned up few; the main complaints centered around the over-teching, the hotel (which had inadequate hot water and freezing rooms, even by British standards) and the schedule slippage. I composed a one-verse "Ash Grove" filk in honor of Steven Glover, one of the most prodigious drinkers I've ever met, and purchased my membership for next year's con "on speculation." I collected a large number of names and addresses, and invitations to join two APAs.

Perhaps the most intriguing thing that happened to me during the weekend was the remark from one woman that she thought she had heard my song *Wishful Thinking (A Few Years Later)* on a BBC-TV program about the Strategic Defense Initiative! Back in London, I tried to visit Television Centre to try to confirm this, but was turned back at the gate. As of this writing (April 22), they have yet to respond to my letter inquiry. (Yes, I did include a SASE.)

The day after coming back from England, I attended an Arlington Symphony rehearsal where we were told that the orchestra had not met its fundraising goals, and that our season would be ending after that concert. This was bad enough, but what was really bad was that there was a lot of infighting and scapegoating going on. One faction wants to get rid of the conductor, which would be a terrible mistake. He's a very good musician and orchestra leader (not necessarily the same thing), and the shortfall is not his fault.

The concert, at least, went fairly well. We played the overture to Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, a set of three nocturnes by a local composer, and the Dvorak B minor 'Cello Concerto with Janos Starker as the soloist. The main problem was coordination with the soloist - always a tricky proposition.

At the beginning of March I went out to San Jose for Consonance, nursing what I thought was a minor cold. However, it grew progressively worse and became bronchitis. I just barely managed to do my concert set and my song contest entry before succumbing to laryngitis brought on by the coughing. I was by far not the only one at the con with some sort of sickness - I can't ever remember being at another con with so many people sniffing and coughing.

I went a day early, leaving Thursday morning and spending the evening having dinner with some old college friends. Friday I went up to see a client and also to get a couple of sets of guitar strings - one of mine had broken when I tried to bring it back up to tune after having loosened the strings for the flight. I also called someone in my other APA, who came on Saturday and finally managed to hear some of the things that I have printed there.

By the time I got back to the hotel (which was, by the way, superb), things were starting to get underway for the con. I registered and started schmoozing with people. I was surprised by both some attendees and some no-shows. Mary Ellen Wessels I had expected, but Myra Bernson also came out from Michigan. Not one of the Off-Centaur crowd showed - not even Leslie Fish. The organizers had wanted the con to be a neutral ground for the factions; even the name, I was told, had been intended to get across the idea of reconciliation. Unfortunately, it did not seem to have happened.

There were no concerts on Friday night. Instead, after the brief introduction of guests (and the surprise presentation to Bob Laurent of a nice assortment of teas and suitable complements), there was a mixer.

The list of performers for Saturday and Sunday was long and varied - there were about twenty concert slots. Barry and Sally Childs-Helton were guests of honor. Joey Shoji organized a fund to fly out Julia Ecklar; they were still looking for donations at the con, but I think Joey finally came out OK. Tom Smith was brought out from Michigan by an anonymous donor. Most of the performers I had at least heard of, but a couple were new to me.

The song contest, on the theme "firsts," drew only four entries. There were two divisions - novice, for people who had never had a song on a tape, and pro, for those who had had at least one song recorded. The novice division was won by default - I did not make a note, unfortunately, but I think that the winner's name was Dawn Martin. I took the pro division with *You're the First*, on one of my favorite subjects - sex.

With my throat giving me trouble, I spent a lot of time swilling tea in the con suite, capably administered by Colleen Savitzky. She filled it with many varieties of regular and herb teas, plus healthy foods like hard-boiled eggs, raw vegetables, cheese, and fruit. Jordin Kare rigged a transmitter from the concert area, so Colleen was able to hear what was going on from the stage and the late-night films.

Besides the concerts, workshops were given by Heather Rose Jones (harp), Barry and Sally (performance), Sally alone (percussion), Chrys Thorsen (guitar), Karen Jolley (dulcimer), and a group of people on electronics. There were also theme circles - folk, harmony, Celtic, pagan, and space. I attended the Celtic circle and heard Leigh Ann Hussey give a remarkable performance with electric guitar and Macintosh.

My coughing grew progressively worse, such that I had to leave the room every five to ten minutes in order to avoid disrupting the concerts. A number of people were very concerned about me; Myra Bernson in particular was worried because she had recently lost a friend to respiratory failure from a virus. I reassured her that I was not as bad as I looked. I spent Sunday night and all of Monday at Kathy Mar's house. Monday I started to feel better, but then turned down again towards evening. Tuesday morning Kathy took me to the San Jose airport, where I came within five minutes of asking to be taken to a hospital due to shortness of breath. However, my chest cleared up, and things have improved since then, though with irritating slowness. I was also annoyed at having lost my planned sightseeing time on Monday.

I took most of the rest of the week off work, seeing the doctor on Thursday. He gave me a prescription for antibiotics as a prophylactic measure (I had never run a fever, and it was almost certainly viral), and some cough syrup with codeine which didn't work any better than the over-the-counter stuff. This did not reflect anything about the seriousness of the illness; it's just that I am very resistant to analgesics and soporifics in general. I've taken a direct injection of the antihistamine Benadryl (diphenhydramine hydrochloride) without the least bit of sleepiness.

I did go out Thursday night to meet a friend of a friend from Nashville who was in town looking for a job at a conference of private schools. We spent the night filking, which was rather difficult for me as I still had only

a five-note vocal range. I had to show her my filk book and whistle the tunes. Even as of this writing, I'm still not nearly healthy; while I have only just recovered my normal vocal range, my normally clear falsetto is an ugly croaking thing. However, I can't afford to spend several weeks in bed - financially, I actually could, but not in terms of everything I have to do.

I have accepted a job offer with the company for which I have been consulting (through a bodyshop) for the past year. I'll be getting about the same net compensation package, but the middleman will be eliminated, which should be good for both the client and myself.

* * * * *

C O U N T E R P O I N T

Roberta Rogow - So what definition did you put in your book for "filking?"

Margaret Middleton - I could do your copying and remail to John, billing you for whatever postage it took to get the copies to him. (re 666) My current balance (after the mailing of #45) is \$6.66. Condolences on your loss.

John Boardman - What I said wasn't an argument, it was a statement of where I stand in the spectrum. And what you said wasn't an answer, it was an evasion of an answer. For my part, I am quite familiar with the false dichotomy you raise between militarists and pacifists. There is a wide spectrum. Few people disagree with the idea that peace is preferable to war, ALL OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL. Strict pacifists say that there is no possible set of circumstances under which fighting is preferable to not fighting - even if someone else actively attempts to make war, even if the pacifist is about to be shot. I said I was not a pacifist. However, that does not make me a militarist, with all the pejorative connotations of that word. I am a non-interventionist (or isolationist if you prefer). I hold that peace is preferable to war WITH ONE EXCEPTION: I will support my government going to war (and go myself) if someone else shoots at us first with hostile intent. (My reasons for holding this position, however, are nonstandard, and I reserve the right to go to war myself for reasons I consider valid even if I do not consider them good enough to use the compulsion of the state to make others follow my lead.) Interventionists (and there is a broad range of this species) believes that peace is USUALLY OR SOMETIMES preferable to war; they will go to war for reasons other than self-defense. A militarist, to me, is someone who believes peace is RARELY OR NEVER preferable to war - one who believes in conquest, or who revels in battle and slaughter. The question "would you go to war if a Hitler attacked" is a legitimate political question even if no Hitler is around. The reason it is a legitimate political question, and one which you should not be so keen to evade, is that if your answer is in the affirmative, you must make some preparations before a Hitler actually invades, as you won't have time to do so once the invasion starts. That being said, I must point out that you did not successfully evade answering. When I was young, we had a dog which needed to be put to sleep. It was necessary, it was correct, but it was hardly an occasion to cheer. Similarly, I consider the efforts of the PDF to be justifiable under international law, but I am not filled with the least amount of joy over any death that comes from this - certainly not when the people falling are not the ones ultimately responsible, the ones sitting safely in Washington far from the shooting. You seem to be reveling in the deaths. Hmn. Reading the definitions I gave above, I discover that that makes you - a militarist.

* * * * *

This issue's song is based on the novelette *For I Have Touched the Sky*, which appeared in the December issue of F&SF. This is on the Hugo list, and while I haven't read all the other nominees, I would be surprised if any of them can beat the Resnick story - it's one of the best I've read in years. ****SPOILER WARNING**** - If you haven't read the story, you might want to wait until after you have to read the lyrics.

Why the Caged Bird

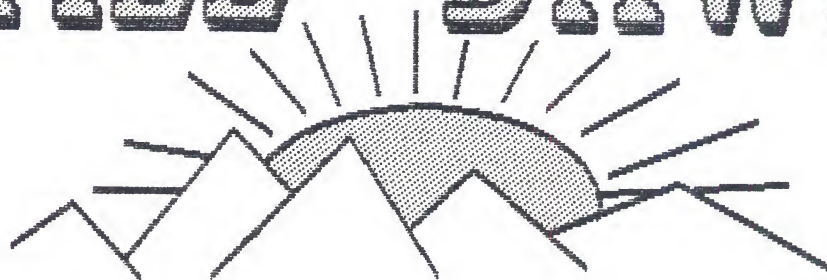
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I know why the caged bird sings.
He sings of hope to free his wings;
He sings upon the dawn's first light
And sings of yearning to rise in flight.

I know why the caged bird weeps.
He mourns the times he used to sweep
His wings above the heads of men.
He longs to find his home again.

And I know why the caged birds die.
For like them, I have touched the sky.
And having lived without a wall,
We die when back to earth we fall.

FILKERS DO IT TILL DAWN



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WINDBOURNE
P.O. Box 982
La Mesa, CA 92044
(619) 469-4874 (or mine)

Greetings to one and all. A lot has happened since I last sent in an article. WINDBOURNE (Rilla Heslin, Kathy Ring, Karen Rodgers and myself) has a second tape now, TO TOUCH A DREAM. It took a lot of work because we wanted it to be as good as we could make it. This meant more time in the studio and a lot more time trying to get a duplicator that would give us a clear, crisp sound. We're really happy with the final results and we think you will be too. Of course, ECHOES ON THE WIND and our Windbourne T-shirts are still available.

WINDBOURNE has done a lot of traveling during the last few years. We were invited to sing at the Nolacon (New Orleans) and Noreascon (Boston) Worldcons; Bayfilk (Oakland), Con-Chord (Los Angeles) and Consonance (San Jose) Filkcons; just recently we provided the sound system for the masquerade and halftime entertainment at Randomcon. The audience there was especially nice - they gave us a standing ovation and brought us back for an encore after the judging was done. The con moved the dancing that had been scheduled for the room down the hall so we could play our second set. Locally we've played for the San Diego Toastmasters at their St. Patricks Day bash as well as such local clubs as Drowsy Magee's, Miracles, Jim's Hickory Wood Barbecue, and Spirit. We now have a complete sound system, and our three soundmen (Philip, Barney and Daron) do an excellent job making us sound better than we are.

Just because we've survived the above dates doesn't mean that they were without their problems. In New Orleans we had to deal with daily rainstorms, temperatures in the 90's, moving all our equipment to a hotel several blocks away, and a schedule that didn't list the concert. In Boston the airlines decided to send some of our equipment on to London and we were in a hotel several miles from the convention center. Spencer Love (who did an excellent job running Filking) provided his van for our use, so I got to renew my limited acquaintance with Boston driving.

Our next major project does not have a firm outline, as we are still exploring what is feasible and what is impossible. Basically, we want to issue a double album "Peace" tape - a collection of songs dealing with social issues. These would not be just anti-war, they would include pro-environment, anti-discrimination (against anybody - the handicapped, the elderly, women, blacks, jews, etc.), and so on. We have been asking various other artists to contribute as well. WINDBOURNE would contribute from 1/2 to 2/3 of the songs, and other artists would fill in the balance. The major names who have already given a tentative "yes" (subject to working out details of production, payment, etc.) include Eric Bogle (who wrote The Band Played Waltzing Matilda, No Man's Land, etc.), Fred Small (Cranes over Hiroshima) and Golden Bough (Wizard). We don't know if the contributed songs will be new ones or old ones - as I said, lots of details need to be worked out. Several other filkers from the southern California area have expressed interest, but we don't want to limit contributors to just those who are closest. Anybody who is interested in this project is urged to get in touch.

We are also looking to get in touch with the following people to discuss getting permission to do songs, copyrights, etc.:

Marty Burke (Margaret, can you help?), Bill Roper, and Peregrine Windrider (Mellissa Williamson) and Malkin Grey (Debra Doyle).

Feel free to call collect.

I don't have the old issues of APA-FILK handy, so I can't do a proper section of comments (Grace Notes). One item that I need no issue in front of me for is to say to Margaret Middleton that I'm saddened to hear of the deaths in your family. Though by now it's many months past, there will always be an emptiness after such a loss. While I ought to have written sooner, I received word of the death of one of my friends (known to one and all as Stripes) very shortly after hearing of your loss. Every time I started to write something I would see his face, and I couldn't go on. Last summer also saw the passing of my friend Margie Price. An exceptionally talented person (she wrote GOLDEN CIRCLE, RIDE OF THE KIRITH-RA, PHANTOM RIDER and many others), she lost a long, painful battle with cancer last summer. I consider myself fortunate to have managed to visit her before the final down-turn in her health. At Noreascon I sang a memorial to her, singing a set of her songs so they could be heard more widely. She had previously given me power of attorney to do what I wished with her songs, so I can keep part of her with me always. For Stripes, well, I will soon sing his death-song and the world will continue.

This year the NASFiC will be held in San Diego. WINDBOURNE will certainly be there, though nothing has been said about in what capacity. We are also hoping to sponsor a Fred Small concert nearby at the same time (this is not connected with the con in any way, but of course we hope that many people from the con would attend). We will also be running the filking at Comic con, and we hope to be part of a concert series being set up by Lady Colleen. There's still a long way to go, but we really intend to see how far some talent, some luck (hopefully), and a lot of hard work will take us.

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3. Free in the Harbor... Again
4. Spirit
5. Richter Scale
6. Mists of Time

1. Baby Vampire Boogie
(Fly-By-Night)
2. Rose
3. Wizard
4. Lies
5. When the Wind Blows

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4. Mary O'Meara
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7. Enchantment
8. Harbors
9. Night Magic

1. Grandfather's Clock
2. The Unicorn
3. Sunlight and Shadows
4. Starfire
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6. No Man's Land
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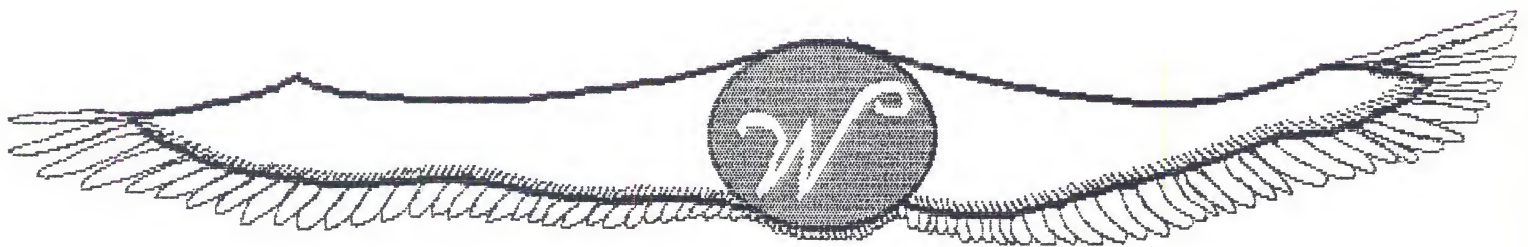
Both tapes are of the highest quality possible using Dolby B ^(TM) noise reduction and Chrome tape. The tapes were recorded and mixed at The Tracking Station in San Diego. Orders should be sent to:

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